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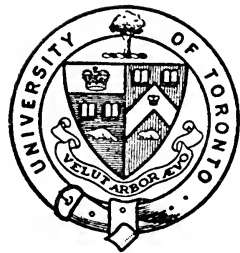
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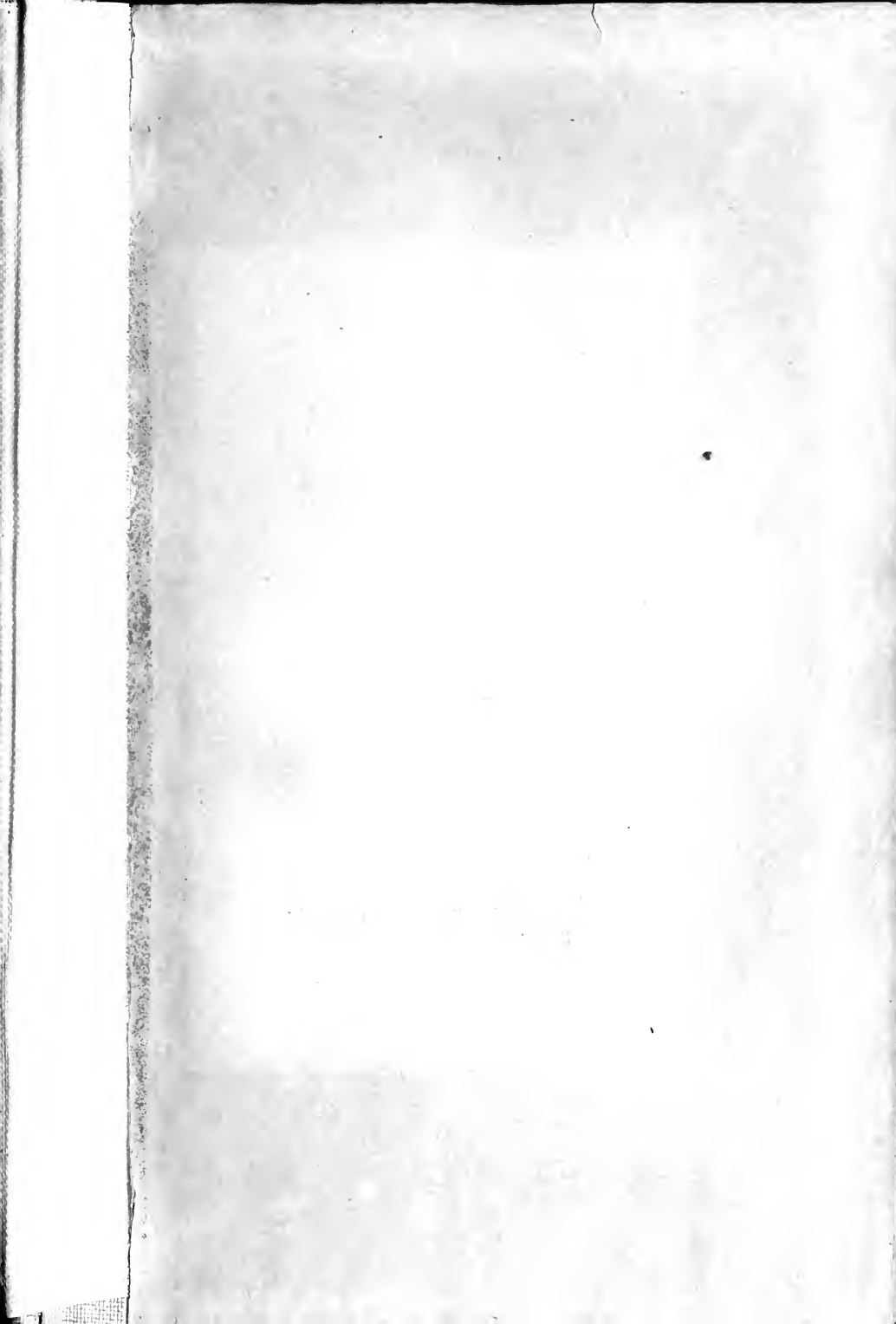
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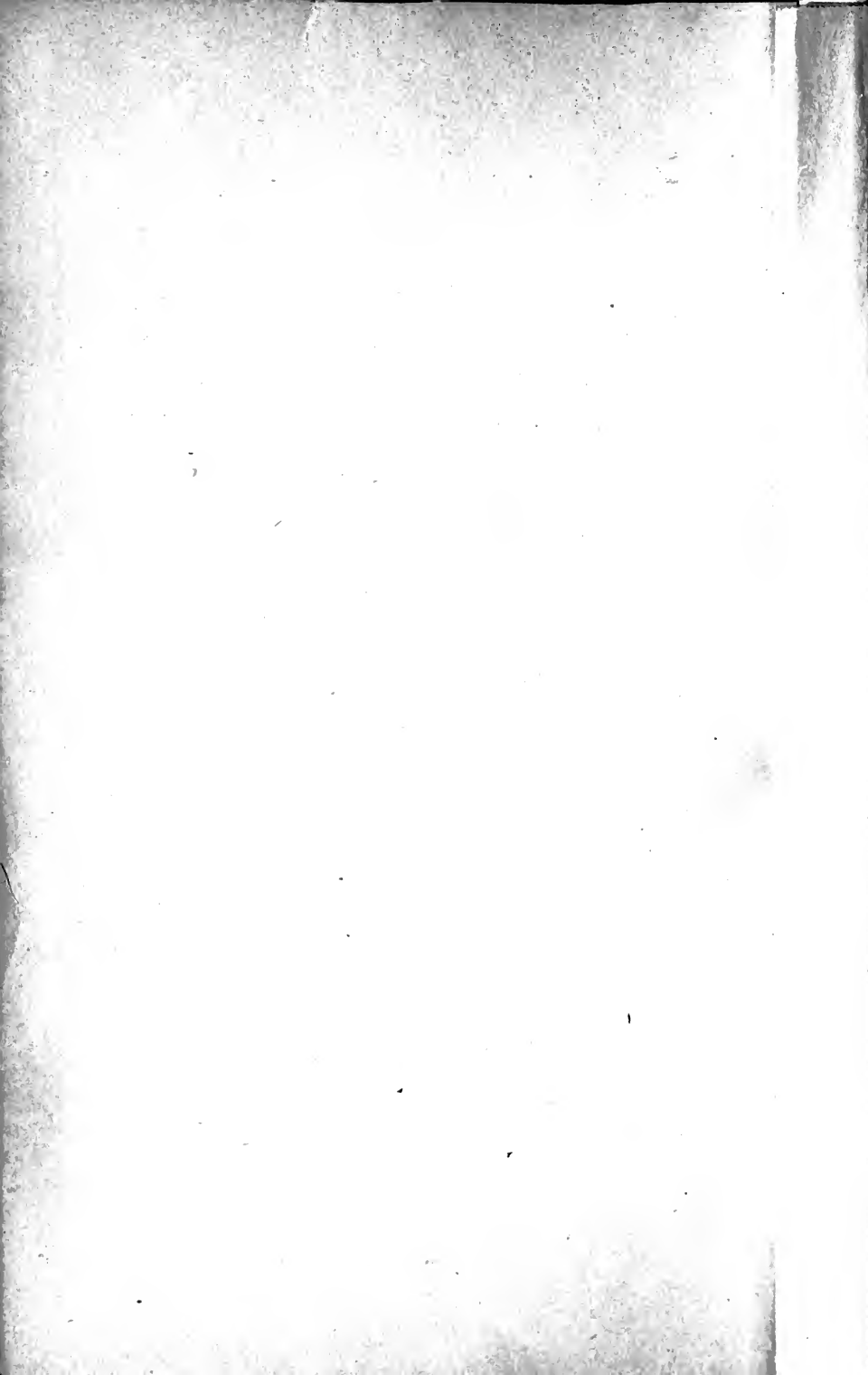
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FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITIONS

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HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE,

AUTHOR OF

"A HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND."

No. 3.

"Lady Buntickler's Rebels."



Lady Bumtickler's Revels.

A COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS,

As it was PERFORMED at

LADY BUMTICKLER'S

Private Theatre, in BIRCH-GROVE,

WITH UNBOUNDED APPLAUSE.

The SONGS adapted to FAVOURITE AIRS

And were you mad enough, said Clarissa, to go through this torture?

Rapture! rapture! my sweet girl, said Flirtilla, call it by no other term.
Female Flagellants. Part I.

To fall at the feet of an imperious mistress, obey her orders, have pardons to ask her, were to me the sweetest enjoyments.
Rouffeau's Confessions.

When it is considered how the sight of a captivating woman enflames the soul, what she can do with her eyes, her motions, and drefs, it will not be wondered at, that any thing from her hand, free from cruelty, should convey an exquisite pleasure.

Fashionable Lectures.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR GEORGE PEACOCK,

And SOLD at No. 66, DRURY-LANE,

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INTRODUCTION.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

WELL, my dear Lady Graveairs, what do you think of this bouquet of Parnassus?

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Upon my honour I think it is the most whimsical work I ever read! Pray, my dear mad girl, is it a flight of fancy, or is it founded in truth? for I protest I never met with anything so foreign to the sensual felicities of this life. In the early period of my years, if a woman was detected indulging herself in a pastime of this nature, she would be committed to Bedlam.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

And so, my dear Lady Graveairs, you really think no hobby-horse of this kind existed when you were a girl?

girl? You met with no imperious and tyrannic Stepmother, no rigid Aunt, or severe Governess, who found delight in exercising a rod in the nursery or the school?

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

To a part of your question I must subscribe.—My father had a female relation, who, on the death of my mother, had the management of his domestic concerns. I remember perfectly well the first time I was whipt by this woman, and for what.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Pray, my dear, let me hear the particulars at large; for by that I shall be able to judge whether she whipt you through passion, or from a principle of pleasure.

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

You shall hear every particular as well as I can recollect. This lady was past her meridian, and was not only the most pious woman, but the most distinguished defamer of characters in the whole county. She was the terror of the young, from the shafts of a keen and a lively wit; and of the old, from the illiberality

ality of a tongue that perpetually spit, not only aquavitæ, but aquafortis.

My father, I remember, used to call her Glumdalcha, after the Queen of the Giants; for she was one of the largest women I ever beheld, and I think the finest figure, and the most graceful for her size.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood had paid court to this lady for a considerable time, but she would not listen to him because he was a widower. She sighed for the finest young fellow in the county, a man that would as soon jump into a fiery furnace as into her arms.

But what provoked her to whip me was the following circumstance.

I happened one day to pick up her prayer-book that was lying in the window seat, and having read the following lines in a book a few minutes before, I took out my pencil and transplanted them into a blank leaf of the book.

Oft on my knees at church I've been,
 One prayer my first and last;
 A husband is the thing I mean,
 Good Lord, I am in haste!

The

The next morning being Sunday, she went to church in full drefs, as she expected to fee her Adonis there. But judge her confufion, when, on opening the book, she difcovered the epigram.

She asked me, in a whifper, if I wrote it. I told her I did ; obferving, at the fame time, that it was an old flight of poetry that I concluded she muft have met with. She made me no reply, but, in an under voice, she muttered to herfelf, "Impertinent minx !" "Upon my word, Mifs Saucebox !" and a number of expreffions of this nature, fufficient to convince me she was forely mortified. When my father left church, he rode off with the widower before-mentioned to dinner, and my exasperated coufin and I took our feats in the carriage. She obferved a profound filence all the way home, which was above two miles, nor did she utter a word to me till she had been a quarter-of-an-hour at home, when she came into the parlour with a fmile, and bid me bring her her gloves, which she left in her own room, as she intended taking a walk in the garden before dinner. I tripped up ftairs as merry as a lark, and bouncing into her room to look for the gloves, upon her toilet, where she told me she had left them,

what

what should I behold but a birch rod. I judged that I had been entrapped; but she did not suffer me to remain long in suspense, for I had scarcely formed the opinion when she entered and locked the door. She then came up to me, and demanded the reason of affronting her in so gross a manner. "Is it," said the exasperated lady, "for such forward huffies as you to treat those that should govern you with disrespect? do you fancy, because you are past the age of childhood, that you are past correction? if you do, upon my honour, you will find yourself mistaken." She then laid violent hands on me, and lifting me, threw me on her toilet. I kicked, plunged, struggled, screamed, and endeavoured to bite her; but I was just like a wren in the talons of a hawk. She stripped me up to the small of my back in an instant, and seized the rod, which she did not cease exercising till she left my backside in weals. She then let me down, and made me go on my knees and ask her pardon, and after that promise I would not mention a sentence of what passed between us to my papa; she declared, if I did, she would make my life a burden.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Did you perceive that she felt anything like pleasure during the conflict?

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

I do not know what she felt, but, I assure you, she took care I should feel no pleasure, for she whipt me with a severity I never felt till then. Indeed, I had often heard my brother say she was a tartar; for he took great pleasure in tormenting her, and was very often whipt severely by her. I remember the droll boy brought me one day to his room, and told me she wore two rods on his a——e that morning. I could not believe him, till, to convince me, he lay across my lap, and insisted I should pull his breeches down and see. I instantly did so, and I never was so shocked in my life. I protest to you, Belinda, there was nothing but livid stripes from the small of his back to the middle of his thighs. I was astonished how he could bear it, and that he did not die under the infliction; but he told me he was so habituated to it from the hand of his cousin, that he sought opportunities to provoke her to pull his breeches down and leave a receipt in full upon his backside.

LADY

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

All that I believe. But you have not told me your opinion, whether or no this masculine flagellant seemed pleased when she handled a rod. Did she, during the punishment, suspend the rod and reprimand you ; then make you kiss the rod, then ply it with vigour, and make you caper to the ceiling ?

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

She whipt me but twice, so that I had not an opportunity of discovering. She married the widower very shortly after the second whipping, and this felicity, if she found any in it, she tasted from an only step-daughter, then too young to bear such a whipping as my brother and I felt from her hand.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

And you tell me, seriously, you felt nothing pleasing in this posterior tickling ?

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Upon my honour there is nothing I dreaded so much. If I committed a fault in company after I received

received the first whipping, and I caught her eye flashing indignation, I protest to you I trembled from head to foot.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Then, my dear Lady Graveairs, I pronounce this cousin of yours wanted those external charms the votaries of birch discipline are so passionately fond of.

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Upon my honour, Belinda, I have not seen a finer woman since. Her size some of your votaries, as you call them, may object to. Her eyes were black and brilliant in the highest degree, her nose was aquiline; and the whole of her face, though rather full, was lovely in my eyes. Her stature was majestic, and possessed uncommon dignity, and her hand and arm, though very plump, exhibited the nicest symmetry, and was as white as snow! Now, Belinda, what you mean by external charms I know not, if what I have mentioned are not in the list. If you confine your observation merely to dress, I can safely declare no woman of fashion had a better taste, or wore more
splendid

splendid habiliments. But why should all this, my pretty madcap, work upon me so as to make me in love with her birch discipline? I cannot for the soul of me conceive that a magnificent dress, a bewitching face, a fine person, or a lovely hand and arm, can make the torture from a birch rod, exercised with vigour, in the least degree delightful.

The male sex may taste something exquisitely sweet in a whipping from the hands of a woman, and from such a woman as I have just mentioned; indeed, this thought struck me very forcibly some time ago, when I was reading the private life of Louis the XVth; where we are told that the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, who died in the year 1723, was a slave to incest; inasmuch, that he was passionately in love with the Abbess de Chelles, his daughter. This may not be confirmed, but it is difficult to deny his having been smitten with the charms of the Duchesse of Berry, whose hands, which were the most beautiful that a woman can possibly have had, particularly enchanted him.

He deplored her death rather as a lover in despair, than as an afflicted father!

A certain poet, on visiting this prince's seat at St. Cloud, thus expresses himself :—

With shame that other fam'd retreat I see
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury ;
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour
In the wild riot of unbounded power.
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stained the mad table and the guilty grove.

There is something truly ridiculous in a daughter whipping a father, or a sister whipping a brother ; the last I have been well assured is common, but the first I can hardly be certain of. It is true, Voltaire did not hesitate to declare he was convinced the Duchess of B—— often plied the rod with that lovely hand that so captivated her father, and upon his princely posteriors. Perhaps Voltaire, who loved this woman to idolatry, took pleasure in making her a flagellant ; for it is a certain fact he spent many pleasant hours with a certain lady of fashion, whose hands he used to kiss with rapture ! and who, if we believe report, often represented the bewitching duchess, and whipt him to a summit of higher felicity than Parnassus.

LADY

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

That anecdote of the Gallic Duchefs I never heard before, but I recollect one very similar. The Duchefs of Orleans, fifter to Charles the II^d., was perfectly well acquainted with her amorous brother's fenfual pleasures, for no man varied them more than he; and having a commiffion of a political nature to execute, ſhe brought the beautiful Duchefs of Mazarine with her to Dover, where ſhe met her brother. The amorous monarch was ſo enraptured with the Gallic beauty, that after feaſting on the rich banquet ſhe ſpread before him, he ſent his fiſter back to Paris, delighted with her errand. He not only ſubſcribed to the meaſures ſhe wiſhed to execute, but he made her a preſent of a beautiful diamond necklace for introducing him to the Duchefs, and for prevailing on her to remain with him as emprefs of his ſeraglio.

I have ſeen a little book, entitled the Royal Governeſs, with a miſerable print before the title, in which the monarch appears upon his knees begging forgive-neſs, while the lovely Duchefs is pulling him to a bed, with an intent, no doubt, of giving him a whipping in the Gallic taſte.

Some

Some of those anecdotes will appear to many sports of fancy ; but I declare, upon my honour, what I am going to relate is an absolute fact.

A few years ago I attended the rout of a lady, who had a daughter at that time about twelve years old. This girl was the delight of every one who visited in the family, particularly the men, who found in her arch and frolicsome tricks the highest entertainment. At the time I have mentioned, I sat near a gentleman of the army, who, I believe, had a penchant for me, and I had some reason to think at that time would have made overtures, but that I signified, by a cool indifference, a mortifying repulse. Cecilia, for so I shall call the little wanton, jumped into my lap while I was speaking to a clerical beau whose eyes were rivetted on mine, and, with a rudeness I never met with before, she plunged her hand down my bosom, and drawing up my breasts, exclaimed, with a loud laugh, "Here's delightful bobbies! how plump and snowy!" The confusion this ridiculous exclamation threw me into cannot be conceived ; a violent laugh echoed through the room ; the pulpiteer and the son of Mars darted their eyes with a savage wildness at the

the exposed and palpitating globes, and I was obliged to leave the room instantly. Cecilia, seeing I was provoked, followed me, and, kneeling at the foot of the stairs, begged I would pardon her. I protested, with vehemence, if I had any dominion over her, instead of granting a pardon for such an insult, I would whip her as long as I was able to hold the rod! If that will expiate my offence, said the baggage, smiling, and kissing my hand at the same time, my dear Belinda, you shall have your full revenge whenever you think proper. We parted good friends; and, in about a fortnight after, I left England to join my sister at Montpellier, who was there for the benefit of her health. While I remained on the continent I married, and buried my husband; and at the end of the fourth year I returned to —shire, where I had not been a week when Cecilia and her family paid me a visit. If she was struck at an improvement in my face and person, I was no less so, on beholding the most brilliant display of youthful beauties I ever beheld! Figure to yourself, my dear Lady Graveairs, a girl of sixteen, with a face perfectly angelic, that I, though a woman, could kneel to and idolize it, the
 beauties

beauties of which were heightened by the archest eyes that ever kindled an inextinguishable flame in the heart of man! a person at once majestic and graceful in the highest degree, and limbs exhibiting the most perfect symmetry! I embraced her with the highest rapture, and, I believe, kissed her with as much transport at heart as Eloisa when she met St. Preux in her chamber, the first night after her assignation.

My dear Belinda, said the lovely girl, pressing my hand to her lips, upon my honour I thought my brother mad when he returned from the assembly last Tuesday morning; I never heard a man run out in such raptures about a woman before: such a woman! such a dancer! O my dear sister, he would cry, I never loved till now! This piece of witchcraft has not only enraptured me, but she left her image in the heart of every man that beheld her that night! Well might the poet exclaim—

A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command
But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart;
So fair a nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,
While all her beauteous limbs inactive lie

But

But when her charms are in the dance display'd,
 Then every heart adores the lovely maid :
 This sets her beauty in the fairest light,
 And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;
 Then as she turns around, from ev'ry part,
 Like porcupines she sends a piercing dart.
 In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries
 To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,
 For Parthian-like, she wounds as sure behind,
 With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclined :
 At every step new beauties we explore,
 And worship now what we admir'd before.

Upon my honour, Cecilia, said I, you have an excellent memory, and I think I can match you, for I remember some exquisite lines your brother repeated just as we were formed for the country-dance.

But now behold united hand in hand,
 Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand !
 Each youthful bosom beating with delight,
 Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight :
 While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,
 And snowy bubbles pull'd above the flays,
 Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare
 The fond impatience of the starting fair.

Now, Cecilia, you must acknowledge I am even with you. I own, my sweet girl, said I, I have a number of admirers on the continent, and in my own country,

country, on the score of dancing, who think as highly of my excellence in this fascinating art as the most enthusiastic admirer the inimitable Baccelli has got. To relate all the extravagance of this encomium would tire you, my dear Graveairs, an extravagance that was continued at intervals till the next day; when, upon my appearing before her in full drefs, she put me in mind of the insult at her father's, which, she said, she would never forget. Upon my honour, Cecilia, replied I, you deserve an excellent whipping for that offence!—And pray, Lady Bel, did you not promise me one? said she. Why, yes, my charming girl, I did, I believe, but it has quite escaped my memory. Then pray, said she, kneeling at my feet and kissing my hand, if you ever loved me, my most dear and angelic friend, take the rod in hand and give me a severe whipping. Well, but child, where shall I find a rod? said I. Behind that glass, my dear Belinda, you will find the nicest collection of birchen twigs you ever handled, placed there by me last night. You smile at all this, dear Graveairs, and think it the wild invention of a maniac, but, upon my honour, she proceeded as I have related, and the farce concluded

concluded with my assuming the severity of an enraged step-mother—of making her go on her knees and kiss the rod, and of then, with some struggles on her part, pulling her to my lap, where I made her caper till her backside was as delightfully whipt as any governess or step-mother could wish it.

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Good God! how could you be so cruel?

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Cruel, my dear! surely you cannot call it cruelty to oblige a friend; and, though it is at the expence of her skin, I think I am as much entitled to thanks as if I conferred the first favor in life! indeed, at every twist of her head, I could read *bravissimo* in her eyes during the whole whipping!

But what is this to what an old friend of mine felt from the hand of a step-mother, though sixteen years old at the time, and one that you know too.

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

I cannot conceive who you mean.

LADY

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

What do you think of our engaging friend Rosetta meeting with a castigation infinitely severer than what I have related from her ill-natured step-mother, the third day after she took her seat in the family.

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Perhaps Rosetta was fond of it.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

No such thing, my dear—if you believe herself. She protested to me she only observed to Lady Lofty's sister, that she thought her aunt, Lady Aurora, a finer woman, and infinitely better tempered than her step-mother. The sister burst into a fit of laughter; which brought Lady Lofty, who had been in an adjoining room, into the parlour, where they were sitting.

Her ladyship enquired into the cause of so much seeming mirth, and was answered by her sister, who related, not only every word my poor friend let fall, but added a few of her own, consisting of remarks
upon

upon Rosetta's impertinence. Lady Lofty walked out of the room instantly, agitated and mortified in the highest degree. After dinner, her ladyship complained to her favourite in the family, Rosetta's brother, who bore the charming girl no good will; and who, I have every reason to think, is one of those singular gentlemen that feel the highest felicity on seeing a girl whipt. When Lady Lofty complained to her son, he aggravated the matter by protesting to her ladyship he never met with such a liar and slanderer as his sister; that her mother encouraged her in both; and that she was absolutely whipt out of two boarding-schools since her mother's death for such enormities.

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Good heavens! I could never have supposed this of Charles. Did Rosetta herself mention those particulars to you?

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Upon my honour, she did; and protested, at the same time, that her brother worked his step-mother
into

into such a rage, that she adopted everything he enforced; and actually, with the assistance of her sister, whipt her unmercifully the next day for a lie of her brother's forging. Rosetta discovered after, that this tyrannical woman indulged her brother with a view of the whole correction from beneath a sofa, where she had placed him. But what will astonish you still more, is that, some time after, these wicked sisters complied with a request that he might be suffered to whip Rosetta himself.

LADY GRAVEAIRS.

I never heard of anything so shocking in my life! Whip her himself! surely they were not so inhuman as to comply with such a vile request?

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Upon my honour, they did; and managed the affair so well, that he absolutely whipt her without her having the most distant knowledge of it at that time. When they had extended her upon a strong table, one sister not only held her head down, but covered it with her apron; and the other, after exposing her
backside

backside so as to present a full display, gave the signal for the gentleman to steal from under the sofa. While he was crawling out, Lady Lofty poured out a torrent of abuse in as loud a tone as she could, in order to drown any noise the gentleman might make ; and this she kept up during the whole time he was flaying my poor friend's bum, and until he returned to his hiding place

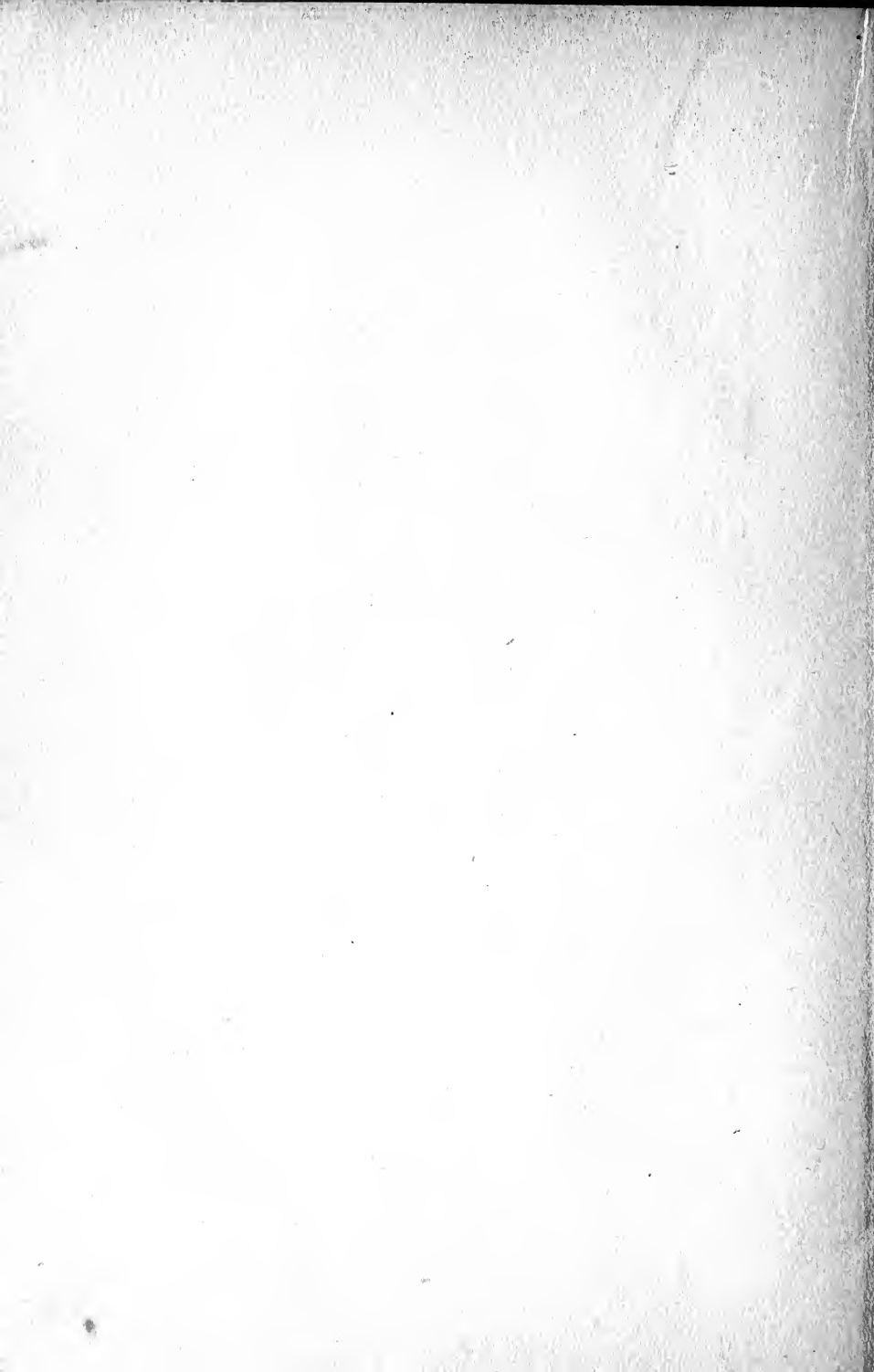
LADY GRAVEAIRS.

Madness! madness! upon my honour. I protest there should be a writ of lunacy taken out against the whole group. Surely you can entertain no hopes that this opera will be ever represented by any one else in the world but yourselves.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

I have not a doubt but it will be acted in a thousand private theatres ; and that the songs will be as popular as those of *The Duenna* ; or, *Love in a Village*. [*Bell rings.*] But, hark! the performers are all ready to begin.

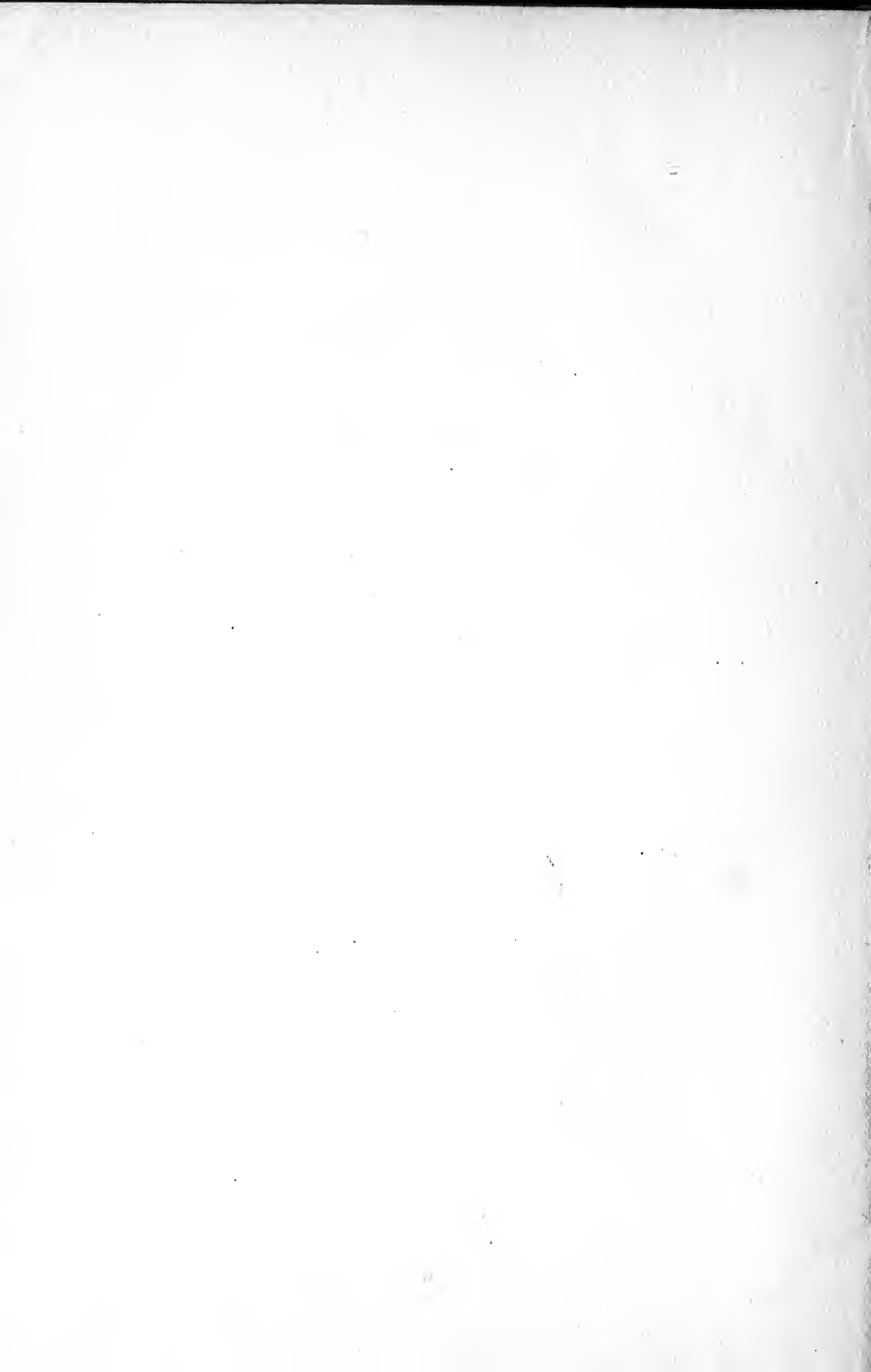
Ladies, play away the overture.



Persons of the Drama.

LADY BUMTICKLER.
DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.
LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.
LADY MARIA CASTIGATE.
COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.
LADY HARRIET TICKLETAIL.
LORD STRANGELETCHE.
MASTER LOVEBIRCH.
MASTER SULKY.
MISS TELLTALE.
MISS SCRATCHCAT.
MISS RANTIPOLE.
MISS SPITFIRE.
MISS LOVEROD.
MISS TOMBOY, and other Children.
STOUTBACK, and other Servants.

Scene at Lord Strangeletch's, Lady Buntickler's, and
Lady Belinda Flaybum's Houses.



LADY BUMTICKLER'S
R E V E L S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, a GRAND SALOON, with a number of large branches of Birch tied together, to represent a tree in the centre; around which a number of ladies appear, each with a Rod in hand, who sing the following song :—

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

ALL hail, lovely Rod! twigs of yonder Birch.
Tree—

Which, surely, dear Busby, was planted by thee,
Enraptur'd I kiss it, and bow to the shrine—

“What comes from thy hand must be ever divine!

CHORUS

CHORUS.

All shall yield to the lovely Birch Tree!

Bend to thee,

Immortal Tree;

None like thee,

The world agree,

E'er gave such sweet felicity!

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

Ye fair-handed ladies, that brilliants display,

Whose angelic beauties enliven the day,

Use a Birch-rod in future—*slap* backsides no more—

Then both sexes with rapture will kneel and adore!

All shall yield, &c.

LADY HARRIET TICKLETAIL.

Did all women but know what bliss a rod yields,

When an arm, white as snow, with vigour it wields—

They'd find all the Bays heretofore a mere farce,

And the laurel of fame they'd find whipping an a—e!

All shall yield, &c.

LADY

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Let dramatic admirers bow down to that tree,
That owes all its fame, lovely Shakespeare, to thee :
Let 'em fancy its fruit was a feast for the Gods—
But no fruit can excel the Birch twigs tied in rods !
All shall yield, &c.

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

Give the laurel and bays to the brave and the wife ;
Let Fame sound their praise till her trumpet rend the
 skies ;
Some heroes and schoolmen ne'er felt greater pride—
Than when, with a birch, women flayed their backside.
All shall yield, &c.

LADY MARIA CASTIGATE.

In the school and the nurs'ry its virtues are known,
Where it tickles the bum of the black, fair, and brown ;
And oft in the parlour some aunt or step-mother
Plies it smart on the a— of both sister and brother.
All shall yield, &c.

LADY

L A D Y B U M T I C K L E R.

Let courtiers contend for the white rod of state,
 Or squander their gold for a Parliament seat ;
 No rod but a birch can give transport and glee,
 While hors'd or while whipt on a fine woman's knee !
 All shall yield, &c. [Exit.]

S C E N E, a Bed Chamber.

L A D Y B U M T I C K L E R.

It is very strange what keeps this girl so long ; the
 description Lucinda has sent me of her is so lovely
 that I burn with impatience to behold her.

Enter a SERVANT.

Madam, there's a Lady desires to speak to you.

L A D Y B U M T I C K L E R.

Shew her up. This must be this paragon of her
 sex in whose praise my gay friend has been so ex-
 travagant.

Enter

Enter MISS STOUTBACK.

MISS STOUTBACK.

Madam, I have done myself the pleasure to wait on you, in consequence of a recommendation from Miss Lucinda Bloomfield, which, I believe, she has apprised you of.

LADY BUMTICKLER

You lived with Lady Firkbottom, I understand, as maid?

MISS STOUTBACK.

I did, Madam.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

If I may judge by your exterior, you were a great favourite with her ladyship, for I am told she is a great admirer of fine women.

MISS STOUTBACK.

Madam, you pay me too high a compliment.

[*Curtfying.*]

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

No, upon my honour, I speak the sentiments of my heart; and I am surpris'd she ever parted with you. I am told she is a very fine woman herself; pray, does report speak true in that particular?

MISS STOUTBACK.

Without being of the graceful size, she has in her person smartness, elegance, and dignity. Her very features have soul in them; her characteristic is sprightliness; her eyes, her smile, her every motion is full of it. You cannot look upon her without being dazzled! When she dances you are charmed with her foot: when she permits a man the honour of drawing on her gloves he is sure to blunder, his attention being fixed by the finest hand in the Universe. When she was in Cork, some few years ago, a very ingenious poet of that city was so smitten with the beauty of her hands, that he wrote the following exquisite lines, which, perhaps, eclipse every Parnassian flight that has been ever published upon a hand:—

Fine as her taper fingers flow my strains,
Soft as her hand, and shining as her veins,
Turn'd as her wrist the lines, and smooth as silk,
Feels like her palm, where roses swim in milk:

These

These o'er my verse a warmer shadow shed,
 And tip her fingers with a painted red,
 Thro' the blue veins in riper moisture flow,
 And seem to melt with heat the neighb'ring snow;
 The neighb'ring snow dissolv'd in roses blends,
 And with carnation decks her fingers' ends:
 Between the leaves the flakes of snow look bright,
 And, daisy-like, are dash'd with red and white.
 Think with what lustre on her lap it lay,
 And o'er her apron drew the milky-way;
 Coarse look'd the cambric to a hand so fine,
 And shades of lawn are net-work to her skin.
 On her fair fingers brilliant diamonds glow,
 And burn, like Ætna, between hills of snow!

Those lines, madam, which are highly esteemed, were presented to her one evening after tea, by the bard whose elegant genius produced them. She was in raptures about the compliment, till hearing from another lady, a few days after, that this gentleman complimented every woman with a fine hand in the circle of his acquaintance with those very lines, producing a copy at the same time sent to herself, she would not condescend to speak to him while she remained in that part of the world.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Pray, how many children has her ladyship?

MISS

MISS STOUTBACK.

Two, Madam, a boy and a girl, and two nieces, the daughters of her brother, who is a widower in the army. It was to this gentleman she paid a visit when she went to Cork.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

If her ladyship's intimates don't belie her, she is rather a severe governess over these children; pray, what is your opinion?

MISS STOUTBACK.

To say true, madam, I don't know a lady in England (and I have been intimate with a good many) who handles a birch-rod oftener. My back, believe me, bore many a weighty burden. Her ladyship was passionately fond of seeing a culprit caper under a rod, and nothing could be a higher treat to her than seeing one of her roaring children mounted on my back. Pray, madam, do you know her cousin, Emily, who is married to Captain Tickle-tail?

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I had the pleasure of being in her company once, at Weymouth: she is a gay, sprightly creature; indeed, it was the opinion of many there, that she was too much so.

MISS STOUTBACK.

She is quite a different being now, I assure you, madam.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Indeed! pray, how was the reformation brought about?

MISS STOUTBACK.

You must know, madam, she not only launched into a dangerous extravagance, but gave her husband cause to suspect a criminal connexion between her and a brother officer. This exasperated him to such a degree, that he would have allowed her a separate maintenance, had not his sister, Lady Firkbottom, stepp'd in with the most efficacious advice in the world, which he instantly adopted.

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER

Pray, what advice did her ladyship give him?

MISS STOUTBACK.

Only, madam, to use a little birch discipline, which she assured him would bring her to reason, and a proper sense of the respect that was due to him from a wife. His sister enforced this in such a manner, that he was determined the rod should do him justice; and he was resolutely determined to act like the enraged pedagogue, so laughably described by the Abbe Grecourt in his pretty tale of *La Coquette Chatiié*.* His sister prepared the instrument of discipline, and she took care it should consist of the greenest birch twigs she could procure. Thus armed, he waited for the opportunity that was to give him full measure of revenge, which happened the night after.

The lady returned from a card-party, where she lost every shilling in her purse, at a very unseasonable hour,

* This humorous tale, French and English, is just published in the *Letters from Lady Termagant Flaybum, of Birch-grove, to Lady Harriet Tickle-tail, of Bumfiddle-hall.*

and was surpris'd to behold not only her husband but his sister waiting up for her return.

As soon as she had taken her seat he lectured her pretty smartly; but she treated the whole of his admonition with cool indifference: this roused the military flagellant, who instantly requested the assistance of his sister while he punished her. The lady, delighted to the soul at the proceeding, handed him the rod, and both instantly laid violent hands on the culprit, whose screaming, kicking, and biting, they were at the first onset frightened at, but whose vixen spirit they soon vanquished. When they had placed her along the sofa, Lady Firkbottom pulled her clothes up to her middle, and held her fast, and her husband seizing her hands, held 'em over the small of her back with his left hand, while with the other he whipt her smartly; nor did he stop, notwithstanding her tears and tender supplications, till her posteriors were as red as a pulpit cushion. Indeed, his sister was as severe an instrument as the rod in this business, for the captain would have given her a slight whipping if it was not for her ladyship, who insisted, on pain of her displeasure, that he should continue whipping her while

while her ladyship thought proper to hold her, and when *she* let go, that was the motion to leave off. This severe castigation worked a wonderful reformation in the lady, who is now condemned, by those who are not in the secret, as an unfocial being.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Laughable enough, upon my honour! And pray, Miss Stoutback, were you often employed in an exercise of this nature? I think I can read in your eyes all the severity of birch discipline.

MISS STOUTBACK.

A I R,

“When I followed a lafs that was froward and shy.”

When I meet a bold boy that will whimper and cry,
 And for nothing will into wild tanterams fly,
 I strip his backside and catch hold of his waist,
 I then seize the rod, and I hold him fast;
 Tho’ he kicks and squalls, and roars and bawls,
 I soon make him feel in whose hands he has got!
 I whip him as fore as a termagant whore,
 I whip him as fore, &c.

Then

Then plunging! roaring! kicking! whipping!
His a— I soon leave all in weals from my hand!
And this I've oft done with an excellent rod,
And this I've oft done, &c.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Lord Strangeletch to wait upon your ladyship.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Shew him into the saloon, and tell him I'll wait on him in a few minutes. [*Exit Servant.*] Well, Miss Stoutback, I engage you from this hour. Our souls, I believe, are congenial, and I promise myself much felicity from the engagement. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a SALOON.

Enter LORD STRANGELETCH.

LORD STRANGELETCH solus.

What a magnificent apartment! worthy only the goddess whose transcendent taste enriched it with such
gorgeous

gorgeous decorations! Methinks I behold the lovely inhabitant, bewitchingly severe, mounting one of her unruly children on the back of her maid, then opening the posterior prospect to my ravished senses, with a face flaming with pride and passion, a rod high brandished and vigorously falling on the smarting bum! O rapture indefinable! The treasures of the world would be too poor a gift for such a celestial treat from such a mother. This mirror is the place where this beautiful Queen of Flagellation deposits her birchen sceptre—and here it is: Thus let me on bended knee kiss thy magic twigs, and pour a benediction on the hands that formed thee. To be whipt with thee—and by such a woman—Gods! what ecstasy!

A I R,

“What a charming thing’s a battle!”

O what raptures in a whipping!
Scolding, cuffing, roaring, crying!
When my a—I feel a stripping,
And the rod at each stroke flying!

Let ●

Let me my mamma behold,
 Drefs'd from head to foot divine!
 And when going out to dine,
 Let me faucy be and bold:
 O then to hear her rage and scold,
 No blifs on earth can equal mine!
 On the back,
 Of her black,
 Hors'd, while she my backside's stripping;
 Then her lashing,
 Scolding, flashing;
 What a charming thing's a whipping!

But my a— laſt week ſhe flayed,
 When ſhe took me out of bed;
 Like a fury ſhe laid on me,
 Two new rods ſhe wore upon me,
 On her knee,
 Full of glee,
 To my neck my ſhirt-tail flipping;
 All my backſide,
 Soon I found flay'd,
 With her ſweet delightful whipping!

Enter

Enter Lady BUMTICKLER and Lord STRANGE-
LETC'H'S Son.

LORD STRANGELETC'H.

My dear Lady Bumtickler, it gives me the highest human felicity to see you ! You look as beautiful as the goddess of mount Ida !

LADY BUMTICKLER.

My Lord, you are too extravagant in your admiration ; but every flight from your lordship is so ineffectual with me, that I will not enter it in my diary of adulation. Well, my dear Charles, have you got the enigma by heart I gave you last week ? Come here and kiss me, you sweet young rogue ! and now let me hear you not only recite it without hesitating, but give me an explanation.

LORD STRANGELETC'H.

I never heard a word of this task of your ladyship's before ; pray, what enigma is it your ladyship means ?

LADY BUMTICKLER.

A very ingenious one, written by the Dukes of
Picklerod

Picklerod—a copy of which I gave him last week to get by heart, and explain, and gave another at the same time to my eldest daughter, with a promise to them both of a guinea, if they succeeded. Come here, my sweet boy, and sit in my lap while you recite it.

CHARLES.

Upon my honour, Lady Bumtickler, I am afraid I will not succeed to please you ; but to convince you I paid every respect to your commands, I will do my best in the recital ; and as to the explanation, I think I have hit it.

E N I G M A.

Ye doughty physicians attend to my lure
For I am grown famous for many a cure,
And in reason and justice deserve more regard
Than the greatest performance of *Taylor* or *Ward*.
I'm as old a prescription as any on earth,
And Solomon often does speak of my worth,
And still I continue with the greatest success,
If with skill and discretion I'm used, you'll confess.
I'm known for dispelling the fumes in the head,
For correcting the humours, and sweet'ning the blood ;
For

For refining the intellects, clearing the brain,
With a long roll of maladies all in a train.
I'm an excellent cure, and a remedy try'd ;
But observe, I must alway be outward apply'd.
I sometimes by sweating my virtues impart,
But bleeding's the top and the chief of my art.
Nay, once on a time, I have bled a great Prince,
And he, I much thank him, has remember'd me since.
I could name you a doctor—in peace may he rest—
Stands famous on record, for service confest ;
Who, by my assistance, did more good I know
Than all the physicians for ages ago :
Whose skill in his art was never disputed,
And neither a quack nor an upstart reputed.

There are constitutions and tempers I own
That are to be modell'd or mended by none ;
Those soon I give over, because 'tis in vain
To strive where the cure will not answer the pain.
But to make all your labours to prosper and thrive,
Apply me betimes, is the caution I give ;
And then, in all likelihood, you'll find some relief,
Against the most stubborn and obstinate grief.

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Very well, upon my honour; now, Charles, for the explanation.

CHARLES.

I should be very sorry to feel the explanation from your ladyship's hand, believe me.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Very well indeed—admirable! you are a sweet boy, and shall have your guinea this minute. Now I will see whether my daughter is as perfect.

[Rings the bell.]

Enter a SERVANT.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Tell Priscilla to attend me instantly. [Exit Ser.]

LORD STRANGELETCH.

Your ladyship and pupil have kept the explanation to yourselves; pray, what may it be?

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

You shall have another chance for it, my lord, for I hear Priscilla coming down stairs.

Enter PRISCILLA RANTIPOLE.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Well, Miss, are you perfect in the short task I gave you last?

PRISCILLA.

What task, mamma? upon my honour I do not recollect it.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Not recollect the enigma I gave you last Monday as a task to get by heart! Come here, Miss, and give me a good reason for this disobedience, or you know what will follow. [Pulls her by the ear to a chair, where she seats herself.] Give me a reason this instant, Miss.

PRISCILLA.

Upon my honour, mamma, I quite forgot it till this
moment;

moment ; indeed, my dear mamma, I don't tell a lie ; there is nothing gives me greater pleasure than obeying you in every particular, and I promise you I'll be perfect to-morrow morning.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

To-morrow morning ! very pretty, truly ! no, miss, you shall taste the explanation of the enigma before we part, depend upon it. Go, bring me that rod from behind the glass.

PRISCILLA. Falling on her knees to Lord STRANGE-
LETC.

Oh, my dear lord, intercede with my mamma this once, and obtain my pardon, and I will love you as long as I live.

LORD STRANGELETC.

It is not a week ago since I interceded for you, and her ladyship was kind enough to soften your punishment by giving you a slight correction. I cannot think, Priscilla, of making a request this time. It clearly appears you have told a lie in saying you forgot

got the task, and you have put it out of my power to intercede for you.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

If you did, my lord, it would be of no avail, for I am determined to make her feel my repentment! Bring me the rod this instant! [In a rage.]

PRISCILLA.

Oh, my dear mamma, try me this time; on my knees I implore forgiveness.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

My lord, will you be kind enough to hand me the rod; your lordship will find it behind that mirror.

LORD STRANGELETCH.

If your ladyship is determined, I will obey you; but pray do not exercise it with severity.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Lie down this minute, you little stubborn devil! lie down instantly!

PRISCILLA,

PRISCILLA, on her knees.

A I R,

“ Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue.”

Pray, dear mamma, for mercy's sake, don't take the
rod in hand,

Nor flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ;

I promise you, in future I will do what you command,
And never more be found telling lies.

Do not strip me,

Oh, mamma, don't whip me !

My a— is sore,

Since on't you wore,

That rod of cruel fize.

Pray, dear mamma, &c.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Come, come, miss, no trifling, I am determined ;
and you have had a number of proofs, and severe ones
too, to convince you my purpose is not to be shaken
by tears or supplications. I think this is the best rod
I have handled a long time. What do you think of
it, my lord? [Looking significantly at him, and
shaking it.]

LORD

LORD STRANGELETCR.

It could not fall into better hands than your ladyship's; I never saw a finer collection of twigs in the lovely hand of a lady in my life.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I think not, my lord; and I will convince you, in a few minutes, what excellent use I can make of such a charming instrument of discipline.

A I R,

"Come, sweet lass."

Come, sweet miss,
I'll make you smart
Before we part;
Come, sweet miss,
Come, give the rod a kiss!
You may cry,
And plunge and caper high;
But I'm resolv'd to try,
Who's strongest—you or I.

PRISCILLA.

PRISCILLA.

Oh, my dear mamma! Oh, pray let me down!
Oh, don't lift my petticoats! indeed, I'll be very good!
upon my honour I will, my dear, dear mamma! Oh,
my Lord! my Lord! my Lord! beg me off! for
mercy's sake, beg me off!

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I'll my lord and my lady you, my pretty mifs!
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes! I'll teach you to mind
what I fay in future!

PRISCILLA.

Oh dear! Oh my! Oh mamma! mamma! mamma!
mamma! Oh lord! Oh, what shall I do! I shall faint!
I shall die! mamma! mamma! mamma! Oh forgive
me! I'll never do it again! I'll never do it again! Oh
dear! dear! dear! Oh, what shall I do!

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I'll tell you what you shall do, you idle minx; what
a good rod has often told you before; whenever
desire you to get a task, get it instantly, and don't tell
me

me you have forgot my commands, don't! don't! don't! don't! you idle huffey!

PRISCILLA.

Upon my honour, my dear mamma, I'll obey you in everything; I will indeed. Oh dear! Oh lord! Oh let me down! let me down! let me down! Oh I declare! Oh I protest! Oh, indeed, my dear mamma: Oh, my dear, lovely mamma, I'll never offend you again! I never will, indeed, while I live.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Well, miss, I hope I'll find you as good as your word. There, go now, and find out the explanation of the enigma. I think the instant you sit down you'll find it out! What do you think, my Lord?

LORD STRANGELETC.

Your ladyship has left the solution so strongly imprinted on her bum, that I think she will recollect it every time she sits down for four-and-twenty hours at least.

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Pray, what's become of Charles?

LORD STRANGELETCH.

He is very fond of Priscilla, and could not bear to see her whipt: so he left the room, after whispering me to intercede with your ladyship for the culprit.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Well, my Lord, what was your reason for not interceding?

LORD STRANGELETCH.

Why, faith, I can't give a rational reason for my conduct at that time; my senses were bewildered: there was such bewitching elegance in your whole deportment during the exercise of the rod, the palpitation of your lovely bosom, the severe cast of your charming features, and the sight of your delicious hands and arms, had such an effect on me, that I was rivetted to my seat!

LADY BUMTICKLER

Rivetted to your seat! O that's very pretty, 'pon
my

my honour! And pray, my dear lord, how happens it you have not those fascinating perfections in your own family? [Drawing near him, and tapping him on the shoulder with the rod].

LORD STRANGELETC.

Lady Harriet Tickle-tail must answer that question.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

What! is Lady Harriet still inexorable, still cold to the addresses of the accomplished Lord Strangeletch? Pray, my lord, when did you see this cruel beauty?

LORD STRANGELETC.

She called in at my house on her way to the masquerade last night, and a whimsical adventure took place before she had been five minutes seated.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

O pray let me hear it: I love to hear the lightest anecdote of the bewitching Lady Harriet, the lovely deity of Bumfiddle-hall!

LORD

LORD STRANGELEETCH.

A few minutes after she had been seated, Master Sulky and Miss Spitfire burst into the room in the act of boxing, and, inattentive to Lady Harriet or I, continued their gymnastic exercise till Miss Spitfire was vanquished. Lady Harriet was shocked when she heard the quarrel originated in Miss Spitfire telling a bare-faced lie of Sulky, who, to do him justice, is far from vicious. Lady Harriet happened to say something that offended Miss Spitfire, who, in return, bid her go home and lecture her nephews. This so exasperated me, that I begged Lady Harriet would instantly whip her, and whip her soundly. She took me at my word, and taking down the rod that hung over the chimney-piece, protested she would give 'em both a severe whipping, and teach 'em the respect due to her. The boy fell on his knees and implored forgiveness, which was granted him; but the girl she stretched on a table and whipt severely. She was dressed in the habit of a quaker, and looked a divinity! To look at her then, the most malignant of her sex would pronounce her the most beautiful creature from the temple of primitive beauty in Lombard Street to Pennsylvania.

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Well, upon my honour, I should like to have been present. She is a charming creature, that is certain; and among all my friends I never found a woman more admired for the beauty of her face, the symmetry of her person, and the exercise of the rod.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The coach is ready, madam.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Very well. [*Exit servant.*] My Lord, I am going to pay a visit to Lady Belinda Flaybum; shall I give you a sit down?

LORD STRANGELETCH.

It would give me pleasure to accompany you, but Charles and I have another visit to pay in this neighbourhood. Permit me to hand your ladyship to your coach.

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

When shall I be favoured with your lordship's company again?

LORD STRANGELETC.

Very soon; when I hope to taste the same pleasure your ladyship administered this visit.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I'll take care of that, my dear lord.

A I R—"Hey for a lass and a bottle to cheer."

Hey for a boy and a girl to strip,

And a charming rod their a—s to whip!

With bums now fair as snow,

And then as red as cherry.

O that's the raree-show

That often makes me merry!

Sing squalling, bawling,

Dancing, prancing,

Twigging a bum with high glee.

My comfits and kisses,

To masters and misses,

They taste with a rod on my knee!

Smile

Smile as you will,
And think me in fun,
Your bum should smart,
If you were my son !
If you were ten years old,
And my step-son, you'd find,
Each time that you were bold,
I'd make you smart behind !
Tho' bawling, squalling,
Dancing, prancing,
I'd whip your bum with high glee ;
My comfits and kisses,
To masters and misses,
They taste with a rod on my knee ! [Exit.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lady BELINDA FLAYBUM'S House.

SCENE, a PARLOUR.

Enter Miss TOMBOY and Miss TELLTALE.

TELLTALE.

DO, my dear Tomboy, tell me what Lovebitch said to you about my mamma; upon my honour, I won't tell her.

TOMBOY.

I'll never trust you again as long as I live; if I do, I wish I may be burnt. What do you be teasing me in this manner for every day? It was but last Monday I got a whipping on your account from your mother.

TELLTALE.

O, then, she is not *your* mother, miss—very well! if I don't tell her the distinction you make, I wish I may be whipt ten times severer than she'll whip you:
tho'

tho' I think that's impossible, for she does tickle you at a sweet rate when she takes the rod in hand! how you plunge and caper! You would not dare to say then she wasn't your mamma.

TOMBOY.

I would say so this instant if she was cutting me in pieces.

A I R,

"My minikin Mifs, do you fancy that Poll?"

TELLTALE.

'Pon my honour, Mifs Saucebox, I'll tell your mamma—

Who'll whip you, I'm certain, in spite of papa.

TOMBOY.

I don't care a fig for herself or her rod—
I look upon both as I do on a clod.

TELLTALE.

That's my eye!

TOMBOY.

TOMBOY.

I'm sure you lie!

I scorn, like you, when I'm whipt, to cry.

TELLTALE.

My mother, I'm certain, don't like you at all—

She hates you as much as she does Miss Ball.

TOMBOY.

Your mother's a haughty, conceited thing;

And as proud as the wife of the greatest king.

TELLTALE.

Well said!

TOMBOY.

Who's afraid?

TELLTALE.

You seem to have got, miss, a sup in your head!

TOMBOY.

Miss, your assurance

Deserves a good box;

'Tis past all endurance—

I'll pull your red locks!

TELLTALE.

TELLTALE.

That's more than you dare do, my insolent mis—
For your bum my mamma has a good rod in pifs!

TOMBOY.

Take that! [Thumps her.]
Ugly cat!

TELLTALE.

Very well!

TOMBOY.

Go to hell!
I think your mamma and her whippings a farce,
And I don't care how often she scourges my a—e!
Take that!
Ugly cat! &c.
[Telltale sits down crying.]

Enter Lady BELINDA FLAYBUM and the Duchefs of
PICKLEROD.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

What's the meaning of all this noise? Tell me,
Mifs.

Miss Telltale, what occasioned this violent rupture between you and that impudent hoyden.

TELLTALE.

It was all owing to taking your part, mamma : Miss Tomboy and her brother are ever railing against you : and if you don't take care, I am certain they will be revenged for the whippings you have given 'em.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Upon my word, this is curious information truly ! So I am threatened with retaliation for preventing two audacious tyrants from going headlong to destruction ! What does your Grace think of this proceeding ?

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

Reflect not a moment, my dear woman, on such insolence, but go in pursuit of the gentleman instantly. Let me settle accompts with miss here : you know she has felt a good rod from my hand before now.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Upon my honour, sister, I shall be infinitely obliged
to

to you, if you will whip her smartly. If you cannot manage her, I'll send my own woman to assist you. You will find a good rod in that closet.

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

Let me alone to settle accounts with the young lady. [Exit Lady Belinda Flaybum and Telltale.]

Manet Duchess of PICKLEROD and TOMBOY.

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

I thought, miss, you would take care and avoid an engagement with me again: you promised me repeatedly, the last time I had the pleasure of whipping you, that you would never give me the trouble of taking a rod in hand again. You told your mamma's woman the other day you could not see what right I had to whip you! but I will make you feel every time you transgress in my company the right I have—and this time in particular! Your mamma generally leaves a good rod for me in the closet. [Exit.]

TOMBOY.

I cannot conceive what this tyrannical woman
means

means by whipping me in this manner! Not a week passes over but I must submit to feel a punishment from her hand, severer than any woman ever inflicted.

AIR—“A plague confound the furly old codger.”

I wish this fat duchess would go to the Devil—

I ne'er met her match since the hour of my birth ;
Nor is there on earth, I believe, such an evil :

I wish the infernal cut off from the earth.

Tho' I kneel, and beg, and pray,

The harpy'll have her way—

Stripping me,

And whipping me—

Night and day !

Let who will be by,

On her lap I must lie—

And then, with great pride,

She whips my backside,

Till the rod in pieces does fly !

Enter Duchess of PICKLEROD.

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

What charming twigs these are! Come here, my
sweet

sweet pouting mifs, and kifs 'em. Come here this instant, I say!

TOMBOY.

I won't—I don't see what right you have to whip me. I am sure my papa never gave you leave to use me as you have done since you first came here. If it was not for shame I would have shewn my papa what a condition you left me in often. But I won't bear it any longer, I'm determined! [Whimpering.]

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

You won't! my pretty mifs. O very well, come here, I'll see that! I think your papa will return me thanks for my condescension in this business.

TOMBOY.

I won't be whipt! let me down! let me go! you shan't lift up my clothes! O what shall I do?

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

Not lift up your clothes! but you see I will, up to the small of your back, and make this impertinent
backside

backside of yours smart forely in an instant! Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, you saucy minx!

TOMBOY.

Oh, I'll be good! I will indeed! upon my honour, I will! Oh, for mercy's sake, don't whip me any more! let me down! I'll be good! Oh dear! upon my honour, I'll never insult you again! Oh, forgive me! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh dear! Oh, my darling Duchefs, don't whip me any more!

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

I thought, Miss, you were to complain to your papa about me, and exhibit your backside to draw down his vengeance on me! so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so, so you told me a minute ago!

TOMBOY.

Oh, I won't indeed! upon my honour, my dear duchefs, I will not! try me this once, and you'll find me an excellent girl! Oh, my dear, dear, lovely aunt, don't whip me any more! Oh Lord! Oh God! Oh what shall I do! Oh, good God! for pity's sake! I'll
be

be good indeed, my darling Duchefs, I will ! Oh dear !
Oh, let me down ! let me down ! let me down ! I won't
tell papa ! I won't indeed ! I won't, upon my honour !
Oh God ! Oh Lord ! Oh, what fhall I do ! I fhall die !
try me this once ! do, my darling, dear, sweet, lovely
Duchefs !

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

You promife me you will not tell your papa ?

TOMBOY.

Upon my honour, I will not.

DUCHESS OF PICKLEROD.

Well, mifs, I'll try you ; but remember what you
are to expect the next time you rebel. There, fhew
your mamma what a condition I've left your back-
fide in. Now, kifs the rod, and the hand that exer-
cised it. That's a good girl.

[Exit Duchefs of Picklerod.]

T O M B O Y folus.

TOMBOY.

If ever two poor children met with tyrants in the
fhape

shape of women, surely my brother and I have. When Molly Nimblewrist, the housekeeper, whipt me in the dark parlour, or took me from my warm bed in the morning, and whipt me across her knee, I was every day lamenting I had not a step-mother, and now I have got one I would give the world for an exchange. I never saw a woman so delighted as my mother when whipping my poor brother, and the Duchefs seems equally enraptured when she exercises a rod on me. I don't care a fig about myself, but I am afraid my dear brother will fall a martyr to such severity,

AIR—"I once was gay, plump, round, and jolly."

He once was gay, plump, round, and jolly,

But since he's been whipt with a rod,

He gives way to dull melancholy—

His mother she calls him a clod :

And sings nitherum doodle,

While she keeps whipping his bum,

And ditherum foodle,

Fidgetty, nidgetty, mum !

He

He once was her lovely sweet fellow,
But that was before the shrew wed ;
But since she has oft made him bellow
With a rod, on her knee, or in bed.
His cries are nitherum doodle,
While she keeps whipping his bum,
And ditherum foodle,
idgetty, nidgetty, mum !

With a rod while the vixen is flashing
(She plies it so hard on a bum),
The noise is so like a man thrashing,
The place seems a barn, not a room.
Shrieking is nitherum doodle,
While she keeps flaying a bum,
And ditherum foodle,
Fidgetty, nidgetty, mum !

The first time she tickled my toby,
On her knee she compell'd me to ride ;
I found it a damnable hobby,
So sorely she whipt my backside.

My

My roaring was nitherum doodle,
No mercy she had on my bum
'Twas all ditherum foodle,
Fidgetty, nidgetty, mum!

The first time she threaten'd to whip me,
I thought all her threats a mere farce,
But a few hours after she stripp'd me,
And wore a new rod on my a—e.
Imploring was nitherum doodle,
She still kept flaying my bum;
'Twas all ditherum foodle,
Fidgetty, nidgetty, mum!

The next day she brought my poor brother,
And stripp'd his backside in her room;
And there never was, sure, a step-mother
That whipt so severe a boy's bum.
His plunging was nitherum doodle,
No mercy she had on his bum;
'Twas all ditherum foodle,
Fidgetty, nidgetty, mum!

His

His cries, roaring, plunging, and kicking,

And all he could fay wouldn't do,

She gave the poor boy fuch a whipping,

That told him he met with a fhrew.

She then fung nitherum doodle,

And bid him take care of his bum ;

'Twas all ditherum foodle,

Fidgetty, nidgetty, mum !

To humour her temper each hour,

In all things I earnestly strive ;

But she'll foon put it out of my pow'r,

For I'm certain she'll flay me alive.

Curfe her nitherum doodle,

And her letch for whipping my bum.

And her ditherum foodle,

Fidgetty, nidgetty, mum !

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

Lord STRANGELETCH'S House.

Enter the COUNTESS of GREENBIRCH and LADY
HARRIET TICKLETAIL.

LADY HARRIET TICKLETAIL.

Upon my honour, sister, you'll be the ruin of that boy. Did you ever see anything like his insolence in the coach, to tell you point blank that you told a lie! upon my honour, if he was my son I'd flay him alive! I don't think his aunt was much out when she called him Master Lovebitch, for, to judge from his impertinence, any one would suppose him fond of the rod.

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

Good God, child, surely you would not have me begin already! not a month married!

LADY HARRIET TICKLETAIL.

Begin already! yes, indeed, would I, and convince him, too, by the severest exercise of the rod, of your
dominion

dominion over him. Do, my dear sister, let me call to Fanny for a rod, and let me see you act with proper spirit. [Rings the bell.]

Enter FANNY.

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

Send Harry to me—you will find him in the garden ; and bring me a good rod from the newest broom in the house. [Exit Fanny.]

LADY HARRIET TICKLETAIL.

Now, my dear sister, you are yourself again ; I can read in your eyes your determination in this business, and I hope you will be as severe as Lady Termagant Flaybum ! make him caper to the ceiling, my dear sister !

Enter HARRY and FANNY, who, after she has locked the door, takes a rod from under her apron, and puts it into the hand of the COUNTESS of GREENBIRCH.

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

You may leave the room, Fanny. Come here to me,

me, Sir. What do you deserve for giving me the lie in the coach in our way here? Come, Sir, unbutton your breeches this minute.

HARRY.

I won't do any such thing: if you and your sister are fond of whipping, I am not: exercise your birch upon some other bum, for mine I'm determined shall not feel it. Let me alone, you shall not let down my breeches!

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

Harriet, my dear, assist me, and I think we'll soon master this youth. Ay, kick and plunge away, my pretty boy, all will not do, and that you'll soon find, believe me. I have heard you boast that no woman was ever able to whip you.

HARRY.

Let my breeches alone! let 'em alone, I say! you shan't whip me! I'll kick you if you don't desist! let me down! let me alone! let me go!

COUNTESS

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

Pull 'em down, sifter! down to his heels! that's right. Hold his legs, my dear girl, and I'll soon teach him what it is to offend a step-mother! Now, Sir, you find I have the whole posterior display at my command, and, upon my honour, I feel inexpressible pride in this business.

AIR—"A raree show!—a raree show!" &c.

A raree show!—a raree show!—an arse that ne'er was
whipt!
But now by a step-mother is from top to bottom
stript!

O, say, is that so rare a show?
I say, no!

A miracle!—a miracle!—a boy that ne'er felt birch!
Who, when he saw a rod in hand, left others in the
lurch.

O, say, was that so much amiss?
I say, yes!

A raree show!—a raree show!—you presently shall see,
An arse well whipt with a good rod upon a woman's
knee!

O, say, is that so rare a show?

I say, no!

HARRY.

Oh dear! Oh mamma! Ah, my dear Lady Harriet,
beg me off! I'll never insult my mamma again! I
never will indeed! Ah, mamma! mamma! mamma!
don't whip so severe! don't, my dear, dear mamma!
I'll be a good boy, I will indeed, my lovely mamma!
Oh Lady Harriet! Oh mamma! Oh dear, dear!

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

Ay, you may kick, and plunge, and roar, and sup-
plicate, but all will not do.

LADY HARRIET TICKLETAIL.

You don't whip him half severe enough, sister; you
should flay his bum at every stroke! If he was my
son, I'd horse him on the back of my own woman, and
whip

whip him till the blood trickled to his heels! Whip him soundly, and you'll find he'll love you ever after

HARRY.

Oh murder! Oh, good God! I shall die! I shall expire! indeed, my dear mamma, I'll be a very good boy! believe me, I will! let me down! let me down!

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

There, Sir, go down, and take care in future how you provoke me to whip you again!

[Exit Harry crying.]

Enter LORD STRANGELETC.

LORD STRANGELETC.

Ladies, your most obedient: so I find you have been at your favourite amusement

LADY HARRIET TICKLETAIL.

Yes, my Lord, and your favourite amusement, too. I think, from what I have heard, that you are as fond of a rod and the exercise of it as the old Dowager Callousbum, who keeps a beautiful young girl, the daughter

daughter of a schoolmistress, for no other purpose than to castigate her unmercifully. Sometimes she'll command her to come up to her room in the morning, pull her out of bed in a rage for not going to school, make her lie down on a stool or table, and then, with the utmost vigour of arm, exercise a rod upon her big bum till 'tis all over weals.

Enter a Servant, who whispers LORD STRANGELETCH.

LORD STRANGELETCH.

Ladies, I must beg your pardons for a few minutes.

COUNTESS OF GREENBIRCH.

My Lord, we shall take our leave, as we have two visits to pay before we return home. [Exit.]

SCENE changes to a Parlour, in which Miss STOUTBACK appears seated.

Enter LORD STRANGELETCH.

LORD STRANGELETCH.

My dear Miss Stoutback, I am rejoiced to see you !
How is your divine lady ?

MISS

F

MISS STOUTBACK.

She is very well, my Lord: she begs the pleasure of your company this evening to a select party at her house.

LORD STRANGELETC.

You are the messenger of celestial tidings: let me kiss you, my charming Abigail!

MISS STOUTBACK.

My Lord, I was not sent here to be handled in this manner, and I won't bear it.

LORD STRANGELETC.

Pfhaw! my dear girl, don't be so ill-natured. Upon my honour, I will make you every recompence in my power for any felicity from your lips or your angelic hand!

MISS STOUTBACK.

Upon my word, my Lord, I don't understand what you mean.

LORD STRANGELETC.

My meaning, my sweet girl. I can read in your eyes
this

this instant : now, confess, if I was as insolent a boy as you think me now, and under your government, would not you make me feel something from this lovely hand before you left the room ?

MISS STOUTBACK.

You are perfectly right, my Lord. But surely you don't mean that I should undertake that task now? If you do, you are much mistaken: no, my Lord—there is a lady has a better claim to this honour, who, I am convinced, would be proud to oblige you.

LORD STRANGELETC.

That I believe: but then she'd expect for this confession a licence, a ring, a parson, and a good jointure—all of which I will never subscribe to. I hate marriage.

O may that monk in endless torments dwell,
Wrapp'd in blue flames, and chain'd in deepest hell!
A miscreant curs'd, whose innovating brain
Devis'd and form'd the matrimonial chain:
That galling chain, which hinders us to rove
O'er the blest scenes and charming wastes of love!

The

The girls would else begin the pleasing fight,
And sweet variety transport each night !
It's native hell should burn each marriage deed—
And earth be Mahomet's paradise indeed !

No, my charming angel, you have it in your power to give me as much human pleasure as her ladyship ; and if you will but name the conditions, upon my honour, I'll instantly agree to them.

MISS STOUTBACK

Conditions, my Lord !

LORD STRANGELETCR.

Yes, child, for a certain sum of money from me, as an equivalent for pleasure received from your hand, my desire is that you should let me into your house this evening as secretly as possible ; then take me upstairs to your room, which we are both to fancy your lady's nursery ; and when you get me there, you are to personate Lady Buntickler ; and, for some offence of a flagrant nature, you are there to use me as you would a boy whose crimes merited the severest chastisement from the rod.

MISS

MISS STOUTBACK.

Well, my Lord, what is your propofal for the consummation of all this pleasure, as you are pleased to term it?

LORD STRANGELETCH.

What do you think of a twenty pound note?

MISS STOUTBACK.

It has too many charms to think lightly of it; and if your Lordship will favour me with it, you may depend on my accomplishing everything to your wish.

LORD STRANGELETCH.

Excellent girl! Let me kiss that angelic hand, and put into it what is to purchase me the sweetest felicity on earth! But, my dear girl, I should like to have a specimen of your mode of lecturing now. Something preparatory to the correction.

MISS STOUTBACK.

In that you shall be indulged, my Lord; and, as you have never heard me sing, you shall have the prologue to the lecture in a song:—

AIR

AIR—"St Patrick's Day."

Altho' but three days I've been your step-mother,
You'll find I can handle a rod very well :
This morning I whipt both your sifter and brother,
For telling papa I'm a devil !
O how I whipt 'em ! whipt 'em ! whipt 'em !
I think they'll remember the rod for some time !

And you shall soon feel it, my sweet Sir, believe it—
I'll watch every motion, and I've a strong notion,
It will not be long ere I strip your backside ;
If you pifs in bed this night, you'll find what I say
right—
I'll tickle your arse in the morning !

That such a great boy should be so very lazy.
I vow is amazing, and shameful to think ;
I cannot help thinking your mother was crazy—
To let you continue so naughty !
But I will so whip you ! whip you ! whip you !
The difference between us I'll soon make you feel

To whip your backside, each day'll be my pride ;
On the stout back of Kitty, I'll think it so pretty

To

To see you dance under an excellent rod!
 Your arse I shall tickle, with a rod that's in
 pickle—
 If I find the bed pifs'd in the morning!

LORD STRANGELETCR.

O, admirable! charming! Let me express, in return, what my raptures would be in this delightful engagement:—

AIR—"Langolee."

I vow, dear mamma, when you let down my breeches,
 I feel such an ecstasy rise in my breast!
 I would not forego it for Golconda's riches
 Nor all the delights found in Venus's nest:

Then when you bare my backside to the pickled
 rod—

I feel myself greater than Macedon's demi-god!
 At each magic stroke while I dance on your
 knee—

I feel more delight than in Langolee!

Your

Your eyes are bewitching, tho' flaming with anger ;
Your breasts I could worship from morning till
night ;
Your voice in a rage is like Bellona's clangor,
And fires my soul in the amorous fight !

To kiss your sweet hands in the conflict between
us,
Is sweeter to me than the ripe lips of Venus ;
As you flay my backside while I dance on your
knee—
I feel more delight than in Langolee !

MISS STOUTBACK.

Very excellent, indeed, my Lord. I will now take
my leave, and will take care to conduct you to my
own room undiscovered this night, where I will whip
you to the summit of rapture ! I wish your Lordship
a good morning.

LORD STRANGELEITCH.

Adieu, my adorable angel !

[Exit.]

Scene

Scene changes to Lady BELINDA FLAYBUM'.

Enter Lady BELINDA FLAYBUM and Lady MARIA
CASTIGATE.

LADY MARIA CASTIGATE.

I protest, Lady Belinda, I never saw you to so much advantage in my life as when you exercised the rod this morning. What was it provoked you to such a severe proceeding?

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

Incorrigible children, my dear—young devils that are every hour in the day provoking me almost to madness! Loverod is eternally quarrelling with Scratchcat; her bum is proof to the terrors of a rod, and she does not mind how often I whip her. She is a perfect bruiser in the family: she knocks the children about like a tennis-ball! They were all at loggerheads this morning; and, after whipping the ring-leaders on the back of Mungo, I thought it would be diverting to see them whip each other; so I made my woman horse Loverod, and stood by while Scratchcat gave her an excellent dressing.

LADY

LADY MARIA CASTIGATE.

That is not altogether new, for I remember, when I was at a boarding-school near Richmond, I complained of a certain lady to the governess, and, with a bribe, obtained leave to punish her in the manner you have described; and, I assure you, the rod was never in better hands: for I made such excellent use of it at that time, that the lady was as submissive to me after as she was to the governess.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The coach is ready, ladies.

LADY BELINDA FLAYBUM.

I think we had better take an airing towards Hampstead.

LADY MARIA CASTIGATE.

No road pleasanter about London.

[Exit.]

Scene

Scene changes to LADY BUMTICKLER'S.

Enter Lady BUMTICKLER and Miss STOUTBACK.

MISS STOUTBACK.

Well, my lady, don't you think this a whimsical adventure?

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Whimsical! upon my honour, I think very much so; and I think, if you assist me in this business, I may yet accomplish a marriage and a jointure.

MISS STOUTBACK.

How so, madam?

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Suppose, Stoutback, you conceal me in your closet until you are just going to exercise the rod; then, after you have tied him down on your dressing-table, ask him how he would like to be whipt by me in reality, instead of your representing me. If he replies in the affirmative, I will then steal from the closet in a bewitching dress, present myself before him; and if

I

I cannot, by condescending to whip him, coax him into a promise of marriage, I may by threats frighten him into it.

MISS STOUTBACK.

I like the scheme exceedingly, and would do more to oblige your ladyship. Indeed, I can't see that you can fail in this business, for I have heard him talk extravagantly about you : he told me you had the air and port of a princess ; that you had a great deal of vivacity in your eyes, as well as in your conversation ; a haughty carriage, and full of a certain disdain, which only served to be more attracting.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I shall take care to make a provision for you, depend on it, for your compliance in this affair. Have you prepared a good rod ?

MISS STOUTBACK.

Yes, my lady, I put it under the sofa about ten minutes ago ; and here it is.

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Where did you pick up this beautiful collection? I protest I never beheld a rod of such elegance before. Do, my dear Stoutback, give me a sample of what I'll make his lordship feel this evening. Suppose, for ten minutes, this room a nursery, I a little tell-tale vixen, and you the servant I have told lies of, and then make me feel your repentment.

MISS STOUTBACK.

With pleasure, ma'am.—So you have been telling lies to your mamma, mifs, about me?

LADY BUMTICKLER (falling on her knees).

No, indeed, Stoutback, I have not.

MISS STOUTBACK.

Your mamma told me so, and I am determined the rod shall do me justice. Lie down upon the sofa this minute! I'll soon make you feel in whose hands you have got.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

O, dear Stoutback, forgive me! do, my dear, darling

ling Stoutback! Oh, pray, forgive me! oh, gracious heaven! oh, Lord God! oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? I'll give you my gold thimble! I'll do anything for you! Oh Lord! oh dear! for mercy's sake! my dear Stoutback, don't whip me any more! the rod cuts me so! I shall die! I shall die! Oh, what shall I do?

MISS STOUTBACK.

I'll tell you what you shall do—be a good girl, and don't be telling lies of servants. Do, do, do, do, do, do that in future, you brazen minx!

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I will, indeed! upon my honour, I will! I'll never tell lies, or tales of any kind. Oh, forgive me, my dear, dear Stoutback!

MISS STOUTBACK.

You promise me you'll be very good in future?

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Upon my honour, I'll never offend you again; nor provoke you take the rod in hand.

MISS

MISS STOUTBACK.

Well, Mifs, upon this promife I forgive you.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Thou art the paragon of flagellants, my dear Stoutback—there is something fo bewitching in your whole manner, that I fhould run a very great hazard in letting you exercife a rod on his lordship.

MISS STOUTBACK.

Your ladyship is very polite ; but I think you had better drefs for the clofet fcene.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Come, then, my dear girl, and affift me in fecuring the affections of this enemy to matrimony ! [Exit.]

Scene changes to Mifs STOUTBACK'S Room.

LORD STRANGELETCHE folus.

AIR—" Ah, how delightful the morning ! "

Ah, how delightful a whipping !

What pleafure from birch twigs arife ;
How fweet while my backside is ftripping,
And the rod raging down to my thighs !

O woman, lovely creature!
You gave the rapture birth;
Sweet paragon of nature,
Our deity on earth!

Enter Miss STOUTBACK.

MISS STOUTBACK.

So, my pretty gentleman, I've got you in my own room at last—a place I'll take care you shall remember as long as you live!

LORD STRANGELEETCH.

Pray, my dear mamma, forgive me.

MISS STOUTBACK.

Forgive you! while there's a rod to be found in the room! No, young rascal, I am determined to give you a most excellent whipping. Lie down on that table this instant, and let me tie your legs and hands to it! lie down, firrah, this moment! You were always a stubborn young devil; but you shall find I can manage you—there, Sir, what do you think of yourself now? you shall find you've got into a woman's hands that is never so happy as when she is
diverting

diverting herself with a rod on a bold boy's backside. I'll soon tie you down to my liking—and then, the Lord have mercy on your bum!—There, Sir, what do you think of your step-mother now? You see she can manage you to her liking; and now I'll pull your breeches down to your heels, and flay your backside while the rod holds together.

LORD STRANGELETCH.

Oh! my dear mamma, pray don't whip me this time! Indeed, upon my honour, I'll be a good boy while I live. Don't pull down my breeches!

MISS STOUTBACK.

All your promises I don't mind, my young gentleman; I have got your breeches down, and your shirt-tail over your head; and if I don't make you feel a good rod, may I never hold one again!

[Lady Bumtickler walks softly from the closet, in a beautiful dress, and with a rod in hand, presents herself before his lordship.]

LORD STRANGELETCH

Lady Bumtickler!

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

The same, my dear Lord! one who will be proud in obliging you agreeable to your wish. Stoutback informed me you wished she would personate me, which I certainly looked on as a very high compliment; but, at the same time, I thought your Lordship would have a higher pleasure in my appearing in person in this delightful business!

MISS STOUTBACK.

I'm certain, my Lady, his Lordship at this moment is very much obliged to me for bringing the exchange about; and I have not a doubt but, from the pleasure you will administer, he will make you that return which he seemed hitherto to hold in such detestation. I see you are overcome with confusion, my Lord, but you will never be happier with any woman than with her ladyship, who will prove a charming companion for life—for you know, my Lord, to use your own words, she has the air and port of a princess; she has a great deal of vivacity in her eyes, as well as in her conversation; she has a haughty carriage, and is full of a certain disdain, which only serves to be more attracting!

attracting! With such a lady, you cannot fail of tasting perpetual pleasure and delight.

LORD STRANGELETC.

Say what you will for me to her Ladyship: I will come into any measures. She looks like a divinity at this moment; and if I was in possession of the empire of the world, I would lay it at her feet. I'll marry her to-morrow morning!

LADY BUMTICKLER.

I thank your Lordship down to the ground; and before we part this time, I think I'll give you many *striking* proofs that you will have no occasion to repent while you live of the connexion between us. Stoutback, untie his Lordship, and see if you can't manage him on your back.

MISS STOUTBACK.

I'll soon convince the young gentleman of my power in that way. Come, Sir, let me see which is the strongest—you or I. Mount, mount, my pretty little gentleman, for I am impatient to hear the sound of the rod on your bold backside!

LADY

LADY BUMTICKLER.

That's my good girl, hold him up tight, and I'll soon make him feel the full force of an excellent rod from the hand of an enraged step-mother. I understand you have made a boast that you were never whipt in your life. Is it true? is it, is it, is it, is it true, you audacious young devil?

LORD STRANGELETCHE.

No, mamma! no, indeed, mamma! I have been often whipt! I have, indeed! Oh, pray, let me down, let me down, let me down! let me go, Stoutback, let me go! I'll bite you if you don't let me go! Oh, pray, my dear mamma, oh pray! I'll never be bold! I'll never offend you again! Oh, my God, what shall I do? Don't whip me any more; don't, my dear, darling Lady Buntickler! my lovely, charming, sweet mamma, forgive me! Oh dear! oh Lord! oh, what shall I do? Oh, my dear mamma! oh, Lady Buntickler! Lady Buntickler! my darling Lady Buntickler!

MISS STOUTBACK.

Whip him well, my dear Lady! he has long wanted

a spirited mother to pull his breeches down and make him feel a good rod! That's right, ma'am, ply the rod with your utmost vigour of arm! Oh, how I like to horfe a bold boy, and hear him bellow! That's right, my dear Lady, don't spare the rod! don't spare his backside an inch!

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Aye, kick and plunge away, my pretty fellow, and roar till you're hoarse! all will not do: you have got into hands you never dreamt of! Your father told me he was afraid I couldn't manage you; but you see I can, and manage you to my mind!—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, you young devil! I'll manage you, you shall find, while there's a rod to be found! not an inch of this backside but what shall be fore before I have done with you! Will you ever offend me again?

LORD STRANGELETCH.

No, indeed, my dear mamma, I never will! I won't, upon my honour! indeed I won't! indeed I won't! I won't, upon my honour! don't whip me
any

any more! pray don't! let me go! let me go! I shall faint! I shall die! my dear, dear, dear, angelic, sweet, darling, lovely mamma, don't whip me any more! I'll never offend you again, I won't indeed! upon my honour you'll find me an excellent boy! indeed, my dear mamma, you will! Oh, Lady Buntickler! my dear, lovely Lady Buntickler!

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Shall I try him again, Stoutback?

MISS STOUTBACK.

Your Ladyship, from the prospect before you, is the best judge how to act: I believe you have given him such a specimen of what you can do with a rod, that he'll be very careful how he comes under your hand again.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

To judge from appearances, I believe he will; for I have made such an impression this time that the very sight of a rod will make him tremble while he lives.

Let

Let him down, Stoutback.—Come here, Sir, and let me pull up your breeches—and kifs me for whipping you so well.

LORD STRANGELETCH.

Oh dear, I never was so feverely whipt before.

MISS STOUTBACK.

No, my Lady, I'm fure the young gentleman never was; and, I'm fure, I for one fervant in the family will blefs the hour your ladyship married his papa—for we had a fore time of it before you appeared here.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Listen to me, my pretty youth, and remember what I fay: I solemnly declare, the next time you are impertinent to any one in the house, I'll strip you naked, and mount you on the back of my woman, and, with the best rod I can get, I'll whip you till I flay you alive!

LORD STRANGELETCH.

Your Ladyship has given me something like a proof
of

of it now, for I don't think I'll be able to sit down with ease for a week to come. I protest I never was so whipt in my life, and I must declare I never liked a whipping from the hand of any woman half so well.

MISS STOUTBACK.

I think, my Lady, I hear a rat, tat, tat, at the door.

LADY BUMTICKLER.

Some of the company are come.—My Lord, shall we join 'em?

LORD STRANGELETCHE.

Certainly, my dear angel.

FINALE.

FINAL E.

LORD STRANGELETCH.

AIR—"Come now for mirth and smiling."

Come now for mirth and pleasure,
In such delightful measure,
Some pretty miss
The rod shall kiss,
In this sweet hand of bliss!

LADY BUMTICKLER.

As soon as we're ally'd,
'Twill be my greatest pride,
To whip away,
Both night and day,
Each urchin's bold backside.

MISS STOUTBACK.

I wish your lordship joy,
For sure no naughty boy

Did

Did ever find,
From womankind,
Such marks of love behind !

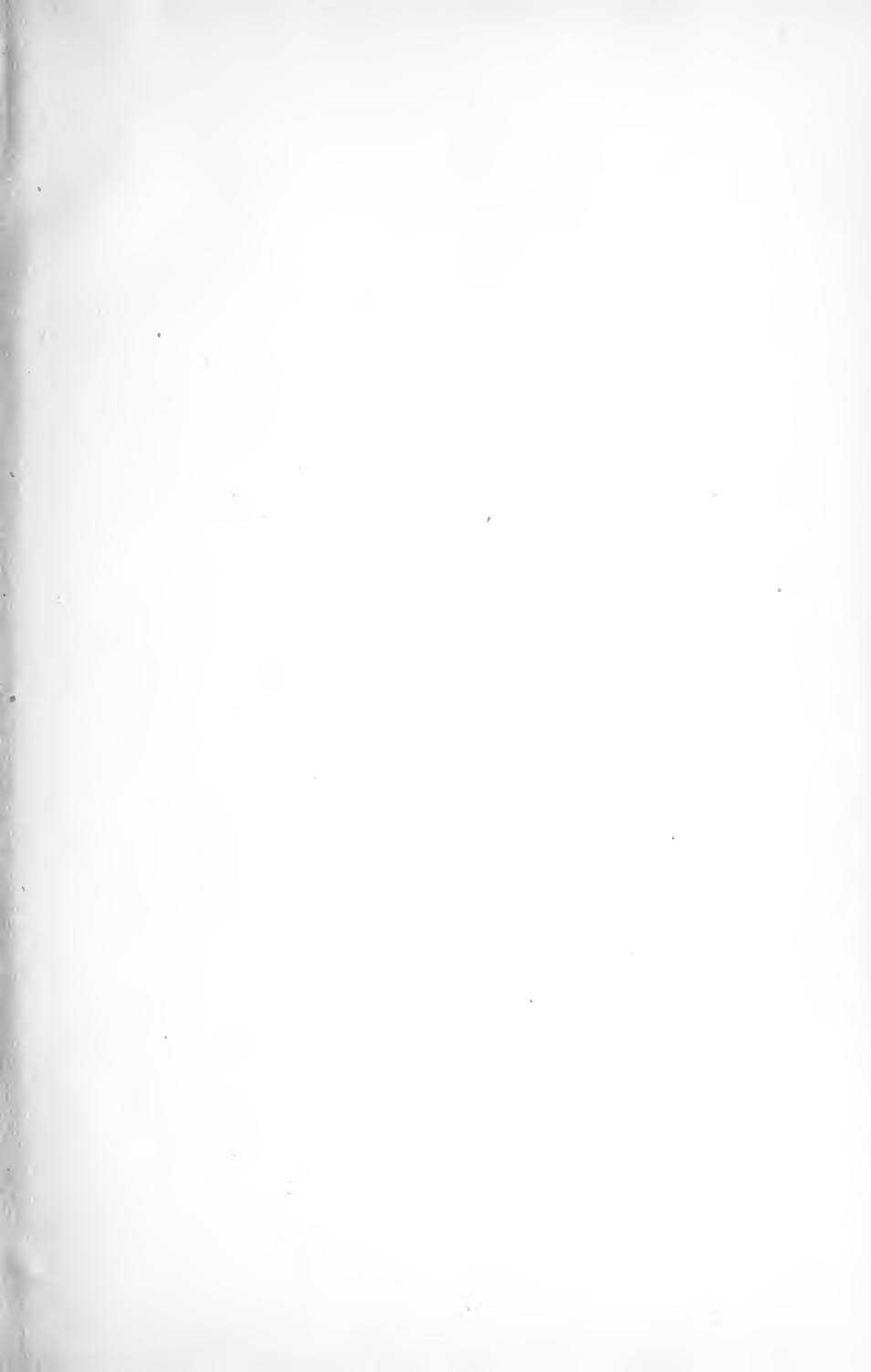
LORD STRANGELETC.

Then let us kifs that hand,
The loveliest in the land,
That whips with pride
Each bold backside,
While culprits cap'ring ride !

C H O R U S.

Then let us, &c.

END OF THE OPERA.



C A T A L O G U E

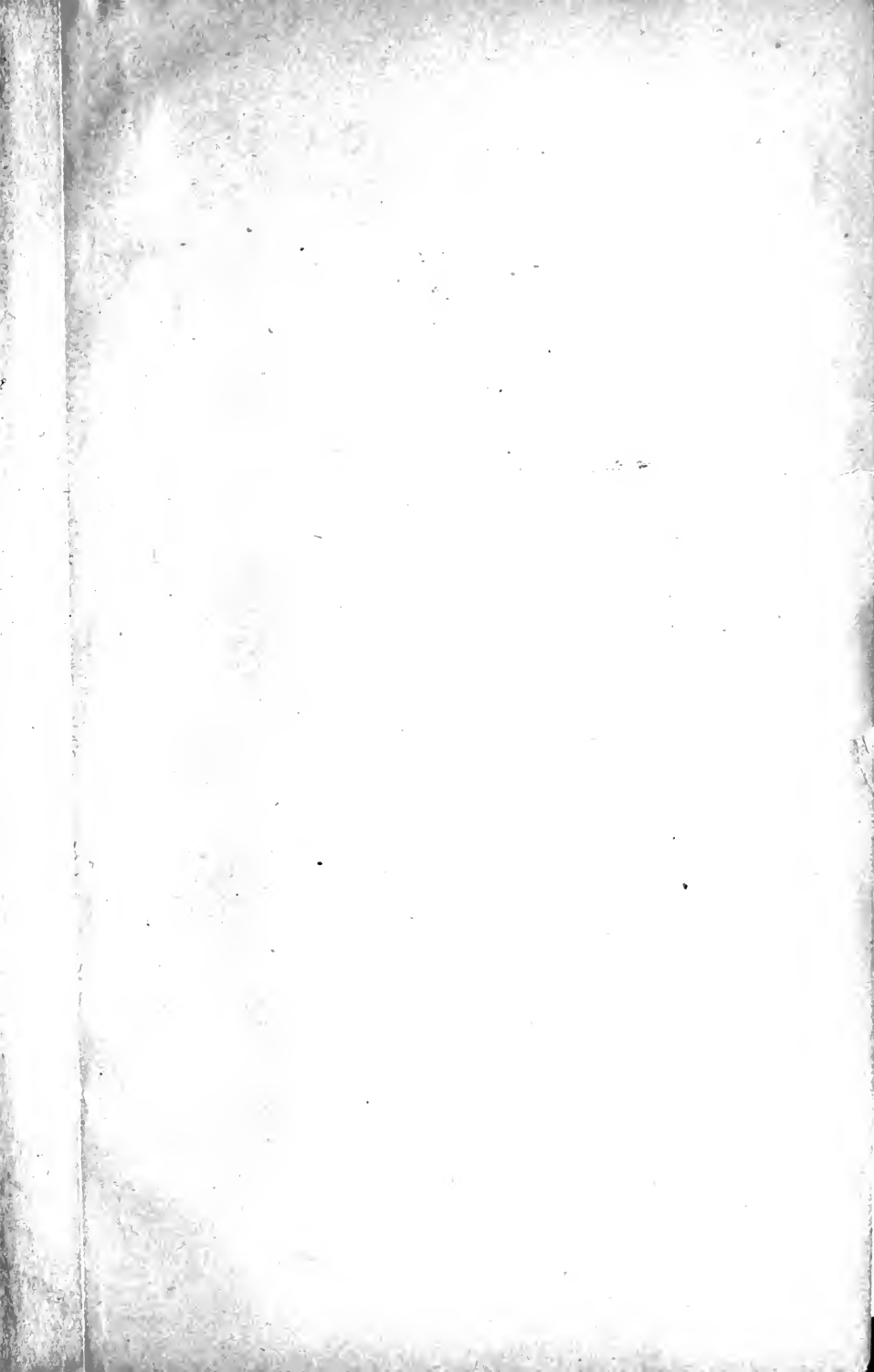
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